

WHOSE 200th BIRTHDAY?

SPECIAL NATIVE AMERICAN ISSUE

- Exclusive: Dennis Banks Biography
- San Francisco's 200th Anniversary
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- How Press Ignores San Quentin 6



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While America marks its 200th anniversary this week, the group which predates even the Daughters of the American Revolution will have no cause to celebrate. For Native Americans throughout the country, the bicentennial symbolizes two centuries of broken treaties. It means two hundred years watching their culture be destroyed,

their land stolen and their people murdered.

Since too few Americans, during the fireworks and festivities, will be honoring the tribes which once roamed throughout America, the BARB dedicates its bicentennial issue to the nation's original sons and daughters.

Continued page 6

Forefathers Still Rebels

Alan Bradley discovered the meaning of the American Revolution in an Oregon jail cell. Bradley, a 20-year old inmate at the Oregon State Correctional Institute, was doing 18 months for burglary when he read an article discussing the work of the radical People's Bicentennial Commission (PBC), the educational and political organization which champions economic democracy over corporate monopoly.

Bradley decided to organize a chapter of the PBC. With the help of other interested inmates, he secretly mimeographed two pages of historical quotations from America's rebel-founders -- Tom Paine, Sam Adams, Benjamin Rush, James Madison, Tom Jefferson. Bradley distributed the quotes through the prison under the title "Subversive Readings from Long-haired Radical Hippies."

Prison authorities were not amused. They condemned the publication as "a major threat to the security of the institution" and declared Bradley was guilty of "major disruptive behavior."

In punishing Bradley the Disciplinary Committee noted that the quotations were "made by revolutionary heroes or... are contained in documents associated with the American Revolution," but, "we further note, however, that the intended purpose of those statements was to foment revolution."

-- Gar Smith

Power To The Little People

"Power to the little people" may be the next rallying cry on college campuses.

A "short statured symposium" held at Johns Hopkins University recently, drew more than 200 dwarfs from around the country to discuss the problems which confront short people in America.

There are more than 100,000 dwarfs in this country, and many complain that they cannot reach pay telephones or the top shelves in supermarkets, and are discriminated against by employers because of their lack of height.

-- (ZNS)

CIA Are The Weathermen

Did the CIA order weather modification to ruin the Cuban sugar crop in 1969 and 1970, or didn't it?

Lowell Ponte, former researcher for International Research and Technology Corporation, a Pentagon "think tank," says the CIA and Pentagon ordered cloud-seeding off the shores of Cuba, to "milk" rain clouds, at a time when Castro's fortunes seemingly depended on a successful harvest of sugar cane.

The CIA has categorically denied it practiced cloud seeding anywhere except in Vietnam during that time period.

Ponte says the Cuban experiment was part of "Project Nile Blue," carried on officially starting in 1970 by the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA). Later exposure of the project by scientists opposed to the war revealed that weather experimentation there had begun as early as 1966. A computer model for "Nile Blue" was developed by the main computer installation, known as ILLIAC 4, located at Moffett Field in Mountain View.

Ponte says the Cuban cloud-seeding effort did produce erratic weather which cut down the sugar harvest those years, but that on the whole weather science is too "primitive" and unpredictable to produce certain re-

Clues

sults. He adds that "Nile Blue" was really aimed at "destabilizing" weather in the Soviet Union, China and Cuba, to ruin harvests and create political unrest.

-- Betty Segal

Why Not Dredge Bay?

Bringing Alaskan oil to Bay Area refineries and petrochemical plants could cost taxpayers up to \$500 million in improvements (read: dredging) of the Bay and Sacramento River deep-water ship channels.

A long-dormant proposal to deepen the ship channel from the Golden Gate to the port of Stockton has been revived in anticipation of supertankers coming to the Bay Area.

Back in 1965, the project was priced tentatively at \$82 million and condemned by environmental groups because of the double-barrelled ecological consequences of the dredging itself (disturbing heavy metals on the bottom, and disposing of the dredging "spoils"), and because of the chain reaction such a development would have on the whole region's industrialization.

Now the price of only the first half of the project, from the Golden Gate to eastern Contra Costa county where Dow Chemical plans its expanded plastics operation, is set at between \$158 and \$228 million for various alternatives.

Army Corps of Engineers have prepared a 31-page, million-dollar report on the channel project, which took four years to complete, and is just now available. It suggests the ship channel is the only viable alternative to an offshore supertanker port on the California coast. Tankers with a 100,000 deadweight tonnage could be brought into the Bay if the channel is deepened only ten feet. Dow Chemical, meanwhile, is showing a film on safety measures to prevent an oil spill.

-- Betty Segal

Cop Shoots At Own Car

The Contra Costa district attorney's office is investigating a shooting incident in Walnut Creek in which an off-duty Richmond police officer fired three shots at his own car. Officer James C. Breuner said he thought the car was being stolen from in front of his home. Apparently it's only in the movies that cops shoot at the tires of a moving vehicle -- in real life, rotation of the tires makes bullets ricochet.

-- Betty Segal

Ignore Links To Spy Groups

A Cambridge-based research group claims that the Senate Intelligence Committee -- which released the report on the assassination of President Kennedy last week -- failed to investigate leads of possible links between Lee Harvey Oswald and U.S. intelligence agencies.

The Assassination Information Bureau says that the 106-page Senate report documents a number of areas suggesting a deliberate effort by both the CIA and the FBI to withhold facts from the Warren Commission. However, the group says, Senate investigators completely failed to look into the possibility that Oswald may have maintained secret contacts with U.S. spy agencies.

To illustrate its point, the Bureau released a copy of a CIA document that was declassified earlier this year by the agency. That document, dated

December 4 of 1963, was heavily censored; but it reported that a reliable CIA source had been told shortly after the assassination, "that Oswald (had been) sent to the USSR and married a Soviet girl under CIA instructions." It has previously been revealed that Oswald had a high military security clearance while in the Marine Corps; that he learned to speak Russian while in the service; that he was interviewed by the FBI on several occasions -- sometimes at his own request -- following his return from Russia; and that the name, license number and telephone number of an FBI agent was found in his address book when he was arrested after the assassination.

The Assassination Information Bureau says that despite these leads -- which would suggest a

claimed the paper's staff was only producing the paper in order to accumulate a million dollars and split to Russia "since we have Communist beliefs." The writer said the Notes staff supplied "your young people with Dope (LSD, etc.)... (making it)... much easier to control them, inside (sic) them to riot and keep up the turmoil on the Mohawk Reservation until we have reached our goal of one million dollars cash."

Another letter arrived unsigned from Houston, Texas, and accused writer Paula Giese of being an FBI informer.

"The letter is a carefully constructed professional effort to get Paula Giese assassinated... by some unsuspecting patriotic native person," the editors wrote. They labeled the accusations as a "totally untrue and

Gay Day Parade



If you're out of the closet you might have been in the street for San Francisco's annual Gay Pride Parade this week.

possible motive for the FBI and CIA cover-ups -- the Senate committee never once, in its 106-page report, suggested that Oswald's possible intelligence agency connections should be investigated.

-- (ZNS)

impossible fable" characteristic of the FBI's established style of causing "division and disruption within the Indian movement."

-- Gar Smith

Indian Paper Harassed

While news of the FBI's bugging, burglary and bum-tripping of the Socialist Workers Party for the last 25 years is finally making the headlines across the country, word comes that the Native American newspaper, Akwesasne Notes, has also been the victim of COINTELPRO-type assaults just within the last two months.

In the "early summer" issue, just released, the editors angrily cite two recent incidents "which bear the earmarks" of the FBI's COINTELPRO program or the CIA's Operation Chaos.

In one case an anonymous letter was sent to the Nishnawbe News, a native student paper at Northern Michigan University. The letter, reputedly written by a member of Akwesasne Notes,

Cleaver Fears For His Life

Former Black Panther Party leader Eldridge Cleaver claims he is being set up to be injured or killed in his Oakland jail cell. Cleaver's new attorney, Quentin Kopp, argued unsuccessfully in court that Cleaver should be released immediately for his own safety.

According to Kopp, "We believe that Mr. Cleaver is being set up for some kind of assault or worse." Kopp stated that prisoners hostile to his client have been placed in nearby cells, and that physical disruptions have occurred requiring the intervention of bailiffs. Kopp says that Cleaver fears for his life, and has asked to be placed in solitary confinement for his own protection.

An Alameda Superior Court has rejected Cleaver's motion

Rhodesia Link With Mobil

For the last ten years Rhodesia has mysteriously managed to maintain its supplies of petroleum products in spite of a United States sanction against trade with the racist regime. Last week an east coast research group, the Center for Social Action (CSA), revealed the hidden culprit -- Mobil Oil.

CSA's report included duplicates of confidential memos of high-ranking officials in Mobil Oil of Southern Rhodesia (MOSR) and Mobil Oil of South Africa (MOSA) which disclosed "a complex sequence of cardboard intermediaries" used to disguise shipments of Mobil oil from South Africa to Rhodesia. This "paper chase" was described by one Mobil official in a memo as "a false trial in the hopes that it will discourage an investigation."

Mobil Oil is permitted to maintain its Rhodesian subsidiary, but selling oil to it is criminal activity. According to Edward Lockwood of the CAS, the U.S. and Mobil Oil are responsible. "Clearly Mobil thought it was in contravention of the law," Lockwood argued. In another memo, a Mobil official boasted how "this paper chase, which costs very little to administer, is done primarily to hide the fact" that MOSA was in active violation of US government sanctions. Mobil officials in the U.S. now face criminal action, fines and imprisonment.

The People's Bicentennial Commission awarded \$10,000 to the CSA researchers for ferreting out this example of corporate corruption. PBC will award the remainder of its \$25,000 corporate-crime-stoppers prize upon conviction of Mobil's leaders.

-- Gar Smith

Black Cop Quits Force

Richmond's senior black police officer, Sgt. Harold Redic, has finally left the Richmond Police Department (RPD) rather than fight the latest charges leveled against him.

Two years ago, Sgt. Redic was fired by Acting Chief Roy Estes for allegedly concealing damage to a patrol car he had been driving. He was subsequently reinstated by Richmond city manager Ken Smith, in response to widespread protests that the chief was using the patrol car incident as an excuse to get rid of Redic. Redic has been instrumental in organizing black officers and pressuring for changes within the department since 1968.

Subsequent to being reinstated, Redic joined a number of other past and present black members of the RPD in a civil-rights suit against the city and the police department. (See Barb, Aug. 29, 1975.)

-- Betty Segal

Huxley Erratum

The article "Huxley: Nuclear Age Bodhisattva" in last week's Barb contains an error. Actually, Huxley's novel Island "prescribes" -- not "proscribes" -- a psychedelic cure for some of the disastrous outgrowths of Western technology.

Barb Closed Monday, July 5

The Barb office will be closed Monday, July 5. The deadline for all ads will be as usual. (For classified ads the deadline is Tuesday at noon.)

Media Ignores San Quentin 6

by Daniel W. Lindley

Closing arguments began recently in California's longest criminal trial. The trial of the San Quentin Six, which has already cost the people of California \$1.6 million, has received little coverage in the local and national press.

The New York Times has printed roughly 10 articles about the trial since its commencement in March, 1975. The San Francisco Chronicle has run about 33 articles, or about two per month. The San Francisco Examiner has provided only slightly better coverage, while the Oakland Tribune and the San Jose Mercury and News don't send reporters or stringers to the trial and, when they do occasionally print a story, rely on wire services such as the Associated Press and United Press International. A measure of the interest of the Mercury and News, which ranks second in Bay Area circulation after the Chronicle, is that it printed a total of nine articles during the trial's first 10 months. Except for a three-paragraph notation that appeared in Newsweek, no major magazine has mentioned the trial.

David Johnson, Hugo Pinell, Luis Talamantez, Johnny Spain, Fleeta Drumgo, and Willie Tate have been charged by the state with a dozen counts of murder, assault, and conspiracy stemming from George Jackson's alleged unsuccessful prison breakout on August 21, 1971, in which three guards and two inmate trustees died.

Why is this trial, with its his-

tory of bloodshed and intrigue, snubbed when front pages have been plastered with the courtroom tribulations of softcore revolutionaries such as Patty Hearst, William and Emily Harris, and Sarah Jane Moore?

Certainly the press is physically present at the Marin Civic Center's courtroom. When a guard opens the door after recesses, a number of slightly irritated-looking people, claiming to be press, are always present to romp inside.

For the amount of news space the trial receives, however, the reporters there may well be filing their stories into wastebaskets. Front page coverage is, with few exceptions, non-existent. The articles that do appear buried in the news sections usually run for three or four paragraphs and are seldom accompanied by photographs or sketches.

If questioned, most loyal reporters will indicate that their parent publication has been printing stories about the trial. Upon presentation of the evidence, however, they will backtrack and say that the trial is too long and boring and repetitious to deserve much attention.

Editors agree that their operations are understaffed and their reporters subsequently overworked. Jim Wilfey, news editor for the Associated Press, was unavailable the first day I called him because all hands were shoveling up information and piecing together stories about a gruesome school bus accident near Martinez.

When I reached him a few days

later, he said that his office employed only 13 staffers to cover the state of California; he could not station a full-time reporter at the Civic Center. He reacted to the imbalance of coverage between the Patty Hearst and the San Quentin Six trials by explaining that there was not so much interest in the Six.

"We don't create public interest," he added, though he admitted in this instance that he had not measured the public's sentiments with anything but personal judgment.

Jim Brewer covered the trial for the Chronicle through the past summer, when he was promoted to city editor. Then he ordered his reporter in Marin "to stay away from that trial." The reporter evidently obeyed, as only a few bareboned stories have moused their way inside the Chronicle since the summer.

The Chronicle printed one short article when Louis Tackwood, informer and agent-provocateur for the LAPD and FBI, testified last April that several police agencies were aware long in advance of Jackson's escape plans and in fact egged him on to his death by providing him with phony explosives and a doctored pistol.

Though Tackwood's reputation is tarnished by his livelihood as a ruthless agent who has deftly criss-crossed from one side to the next without getting nailed, it is odd that such momentous charges were passed over so lightly by the press. A Los Angeles reporter's judgment that "nobody listens to him (Tackwood) any more" has evidently become a self-fulfilling prophecy among the press, which seems fearful of becoming involved in any degree with a possible treacherous man.

Brewer's actions are representative of those of the rest of the print media. Like Meurseaull in The Stranger, Brewer chooses not to choose. He believes that much of Tackwood's testimony fits, but ultimately dismisses it as "pure bullshit," reasoning that it "just is" and citing some conflicting dates that



Janet Fries

The San Francisco Bay Guardian strike entered its third week with both sides holding adamantly to their positions. About 25 workers, represented by the Newspaper Guild Local 52 and the International Typographical Union Local 21, are demanding a 25¢ across-the-board wage hike. They are also asking for job security, a union shop and various benefits.

Other employees and management supporters are crossing the picket line and continuing to publish the paper weekly.

Negotiations between the vying factions were suspended last week.

Tackwood had offered in his testimony about smuggling weapons into the prison.

Brewer thinks that it is unconstitutional to chain the defendants. He is offended by the security checks on spectators, and is angered that \$1.6 million of the taxpayer's money and a fine judge are being wasted on such and absurd trial. And he thinks that only two defendants, who are serving life sentences, deserve conviction.

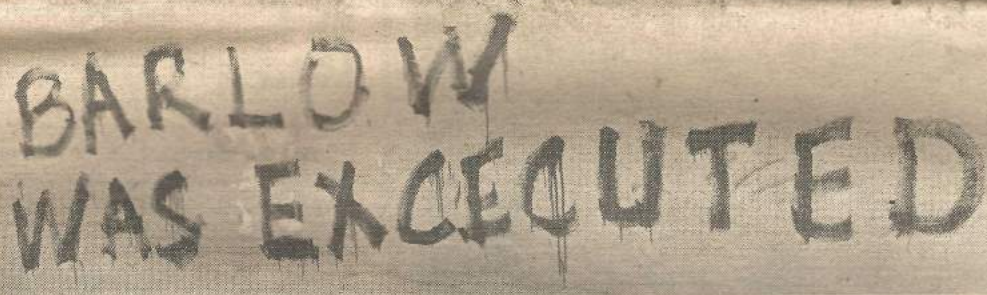
"The D.A. should realize that, lean towards justice, and let some of those poor fuckers off."

For the editor, however, "the political winds have shifted" since George Jackson's death in 1971. Rather than publicize the trial for its patent absurdity, he chooses to ignore it.

Other editors are at least as ready to sweep the trial under the rug. The explanation that it is "too boring" does not hold water. The fact that it arose

from the bloodiest day in San Quentin's history is enough to make it interesting. The legal arguments waged in and out of the fortress-courtroom make it important constitutionally. And the twilight history of violence and intrigue surrounding the day's events and attributed to various factions of the Black Panthers and local, state, and federal police lends a tragically dark backdrop worthy of investigation.

As reporter Eve Pell noted, "people don't care about poor and third-world prisoners, (they) just want them out of the way." Her observation rings true in light of the attention paid Patty Hearst, a revolutionary dilettante who was young, rich, and white. And though Eve Pell's consideration does not justify the lack of press concern with the six black and brown convicts' fates, there is much more at stake besides in Marin.



by Linda Gomez

The writing on the wall reads "Barlow lives."

But Barlow is dead.

Two weeks ago, Jose Barlow Benavidez was killed by the "accidental discharge" of Oakland police officer Michael Cogley's shotgun. Since then community members have held meetings and demonstrations to protest Barlow's death and demand the criminal prosecution of Cogley. They are taking the case directly to Alameda County District Attorney Lowell Jensen.

Most community members feel the struggle for police change will be long and technical. There is a large degree of cynicism. Said one Fruitvale woman, "This is nothing new. Police use guns and guns are used to kill people. Maybe if the whole community acts together something can be done. But I also know that the police take care of their own. I just worry that some of the kids don't realize this, and that could be dangerous."

The "long hot summer" has started. Fruitvale is a multi-ethnic East Oakland neighborhood, with a high unemployment rate and a large youthful population. The neighborhood is already burning up with fires, a result of the predominance of old, substandard, woodframe houses. The fire engine's siren can be heard at all hours of the day and night.

This year many of Fruitvale's poverty programs have been hit with substantial funding cuts. The youth programs have suffered severely. Young people are now on the streets in greater numbers, and it is primarily among youth that Barlow's death stirs the most impassioned response.

As one seventeen year old said: "Now, don't you use my name because I can just see them come gunning for me; but I think Barlow's death was a racial matter. I think they have more 'accidents' with blacks and Mexicans. Things happen where we live that shouldn't happen nowhere. And generally, the police are responsible."

Another youth who frequents East 14th Street and saw the aftermath of Barlow's slaying said, "they called a firetruck to come and wash the pieces of Barlow from the street. Right there you could tell that the police were trying to wash it all away. Since then, there's been at

least triple the amount of patrol cars watching everything and everybody. They're taking pictures of everyone. And, they're stopping people on the street and questioning them for no good reason. But they can do it legal like. What's scary is that they're stopping everyone on suspicion of something. Probably no more than suspicion of looking suspicious. But that's how they blew Barlow away."

Fruitvale community leaders are well aware of the new tensions. Henry Mestre, Executive Director of the Spanish Speaking Unity Council, feels the incident has sparked off a mixture of long simmering emotions. Said

Mestre, "I think the case has become a symbolic focus. There are a lot of problems here, such as the high unemployment rate. With the youth it's particularly clear. In the summertime around here the tendency is to live outdoors, so the youth are closer to what happens on the street every day and evening. Being that close they feel the tension more."

Mestre cited the recent appearance of graffiti denouncing Barlow's death as indication of youthful sentiment. "Usually Oakland is very clean, but there's been a lot more posters and spray paintings now, and they all pertain to the incident."

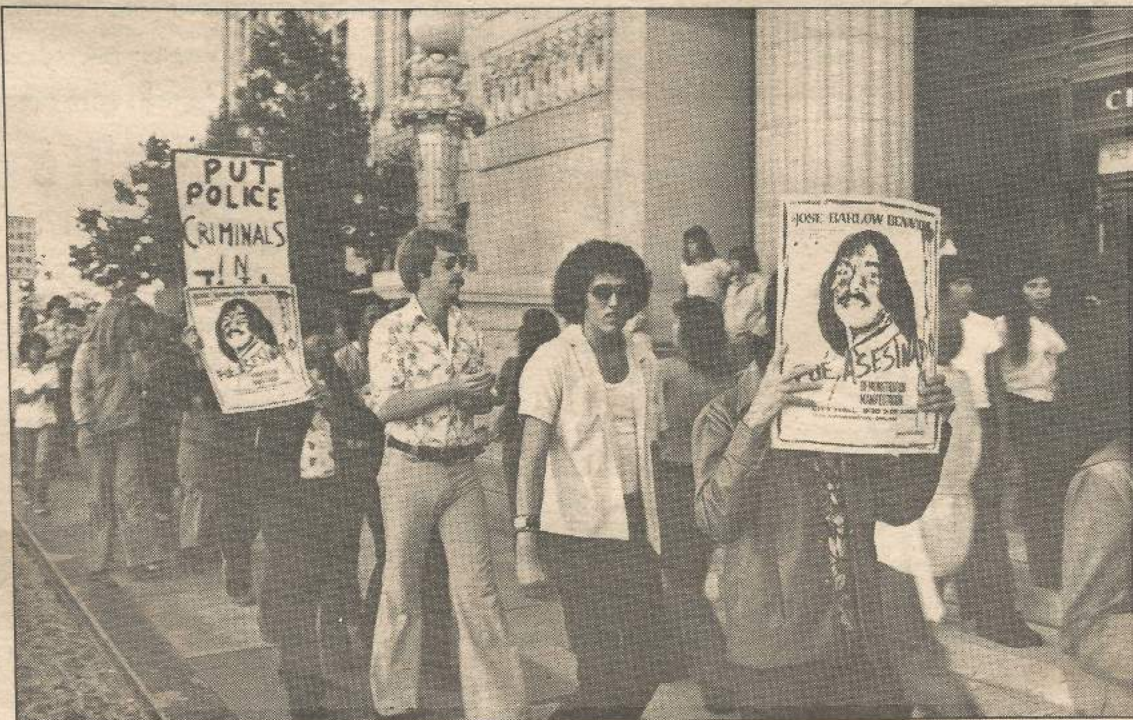
The non-visual impact of Barlow's death has led other community leaders to concern and action.

George Singh, director of Centro Legal de la Raza, a community legal center representing the Benavidez family, feels the local perspective on law and police has changed little since the slaying. "A feeling or a suspicion that the community has always had about law and order has been reaffirmed by the shooting of Barlow. That feeling is that the police aren't really there to protect the people," Singh said.

Singh noted that the high attendance of recent Coalition Against Police Crime meetings (last week over 150 people participated) represents the community's seriousness about changing police practices. Singh said community response has "been directed toward developing community control over the police in East Oakland."

Singh explained: "Barlow's shooting isn't considered an isolated incident by the majority of people. Many people see it as a pattern of repression on the part of the Oakland police. It really indicates the lack of control that people have over the supposedly protective police forces. People want to deal with that now by developing a community police review board."

Although officer Cogley is the immediate focus of the community's demands, it is doubtful the issue will end there. Fruitvale residents have long fostered hostile feelings toward Oakland police practices. This summer will very likely bring an articulate and well organized challenge to the methods and power of Oakland police.



Neal Cassidy

About 250 demonstrators joined the Benavidez family at Oakland City Hall on Tuesday night, to demand that the city council act to halt police terror.

RUMPLEFORESKIN



Banker Rendered Impotent?

by Paul Krassner

You could almost see the evolution of the idea in the graffiti. First there was DISMEMBER RAPISTS. Then came WHO WILL BE THE FIRST WHITE BOSSMAN TO BE CASTRATED? And next was AUTHORITY IS THE PROBLEM NOT MALES -- IMPOTENCE OF BOSSMAN WILL SHOW AUTHORITY AS INSTITUTIONALIZED FEAR.

Finally, early last month, an anonymous letter was sent to Alden Winship Clausen, President of the Bank of America, at his home address in Hillsborough, California.

Dear Tom:

This is to inform you that we are making you impotent as of Father's Day, June 20, 1976 at 10 p.m. Your crime is that you perpetuate a system which murders us, which violates the bodies and minds of people all over the globe; poor whites like us, all women, queers, and Third World and Jewish people.

We say to you: ecstasy. You must learn that there is to no way you can control anyone's life without destroying. So, we are stopping you.

We are stopping you because

you control people, not because you are male. In order to recover, give up all your wealth and power over people; this includes giving up your wife, children and heterosexuality. If you continue your crime, we will curse you with even worse than impotence.

Our magic easily reaches you and other rich white bosses.

Sincerely yours...

Copies of the letter were also mailed to his wife, Mary; to the Board of Directors at his Bank of America; to the Presidents of Standard Oil of California, the Bechtel Group, Kaiser Industries, Crown Zellerbach; the publishers of the San Francisco Examiner, the Bay Guardian, the San Mateo Times; the Presidents of all the clubs he belongs to -- the Bohemian Club and the Pacific Union Club, the Burlingame Country Club -- plus all of his neighbors on Ravenscourt Street.

The house organ of the Bank of America did not mention whether the house organ of its President was actually affected by this psychic violence, but it's the thought that counts.

Who were those two black men?

"Witnesses to the shooting of (Marcus) Foster saw black men," said Patty Hearst on her very first communique. "And two white men have been arrested for this."

The voice on that tape, it says in the book *Patty/Tania* by Jerry Belcher and Don West, "was unmistakably Patty's but her message was sandwiched between two black men."

Also: "A locksmith was found in Palo Alto who sold a dead-bolt lock to Camilla Hall and two black men."

And, quoting Leola Barnes on the pre-SLA massacre scene in Los Angeles: "I went down to Minnie's early Thursday evening to play some cards and drink a little. I fell asleep early and when I woke up around two in the morning, I saw four white women and three dudes -- two black and a white one."

Steven Weed identified the kidnappers of Patty as including two black men.

In *New Times*, Bill Harris claimed the kidnapping was done by Cinque, Willie Wolfe and Nancy Ling Perry.

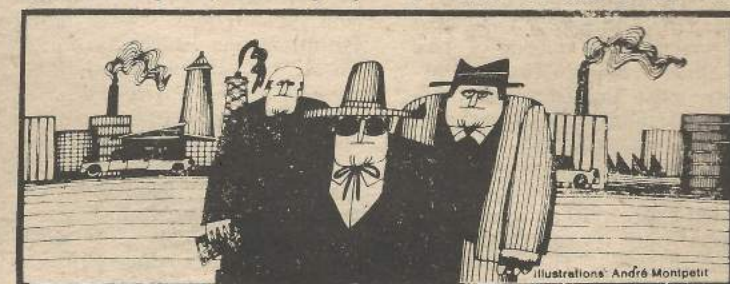
In court, Patty testified that she was kidnapped by Cinque, Bill Harris and Angela Atwood.

Weed, in the book he wrote with Scott Swanton, *My Search for Patty Hearst*, states: "Despite my original impression -- an impression shared by two other witnesses -- that the second assailant was black, I am strongly inclined to believe that Patty's identification is correct. I find it impossible to believe that the second male

assailant had Willie Wolfe's height and physique. Bill Harris has a full face, curly hair, and stocky build; Bill Harris has been to Viet Nam and seen peasants kicked in the face and pacified."

Harris says that if Weed "had cooperated with instructions to lie face-down on the floor, Cin wouldn't have beat on him."

But Weed writes "Get down. Get your face on the floor!" the first man ordered, and I got down on one knee fairly quickly, but not quickly enough. He began kicking me, knocking my



Great Speckled Bird

glasses off. I was ducking, was jolted by a couple of blows, then went face down in the hallway, my head toward the door, as the second man -- DeFreeze -- pushed Patty into the kitchen.

"Keep it down!" the man above me said, then kicked me again. Although I was flat out on the floor he continued to kick me, not angrily, but as if he was kicking something he simply hated, something almost inanimate.

Charles Manson was a racist. By the use of graffiti with rhetoric associated with blacks, as well as deliberately leaving a

wallet in a gas station lavatory in the ghetto, his delusion was to promote a race war. Have the tactics now, in effect, been escalated? Was Bill Harris wearing blackface? What kind of consciousness would underlie such action, especially on the heels of the racial paranoia created by the Zebra murders?

(For that matter, why did the participants in the original Boston Tea Party do their thing disguised as Indians?)

Will it be Harris' defense that the kidnapper was black and he is white? Or that it was Willie

Wolfe in blackface, not him? And that if Patty lied about Wolfe raping her, then what degree of credibility can be attached to her accusation that Harris kidnapped her? How can Bill Harris get pissed off at Patty Hearst for saying that she was raped by Willie Wolfe, when it looks as though Harris is trying to shift the blame onto him for kidnapping her? Is Patty lying about Harris now in order to protect her former rapist?

Maybe Bill and Emily will ultimately be charged with harboring a fugitive.

Green Revelations

Arcology And Gardening



by Laughingbird

"We have to do the ecology soon; put it on the agenda," one middle-class communitarian in Berkeley says every so often. What she means by ecology is recycling glass and cans. The ecology movement, which surfaced with Earth Day 1970, has gone through tremendous changes. In many ways, its original freshness has been so diluted and commercialized that the word ecology itself has become meaningless.

The fact still remains, however, that we do have to "do the ecology soon," now, in fact, and in this sense ecology itself has to be re-investigated in a discerning and wholistic manner. More than simply shuffling glass bottles and tin cans, which are only one of the effects of an incoherent system, we must look for causes, origins, sources of the imbalance.

What underlying and widespread attitudes have created the problems we now face on a cultural and planetary level? Until we take a clear look, we are merely scurrying around anxiously hoping our finger will get to the hole in the dyke in time, and meanwhile we look up to see a tidal wave's approach. It does appear often that this is our present condition -- the finger, the dyke and the tidal wave -- how in the world does one get enough time and distance to see in this situation?

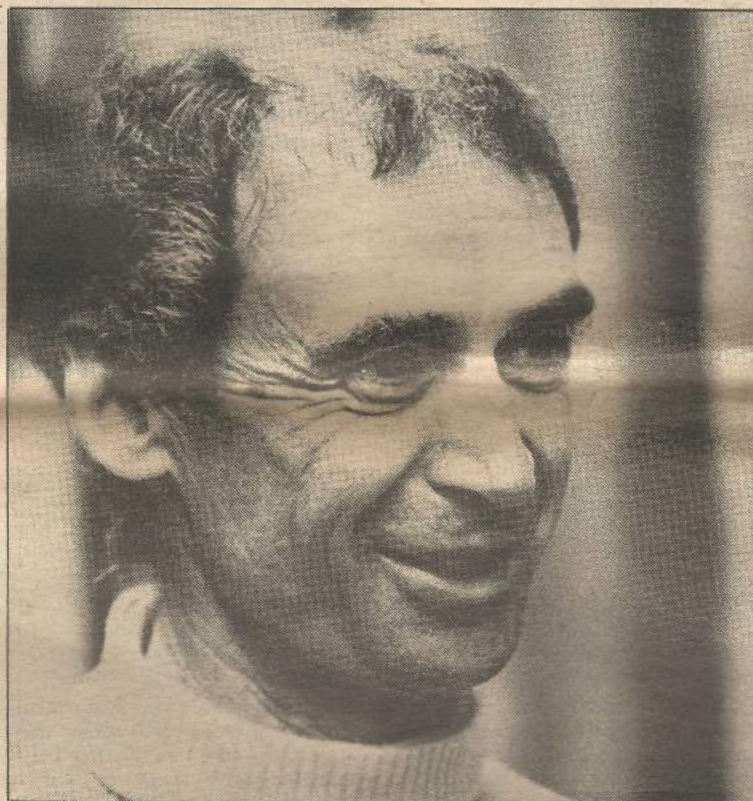
Plunging in and passing over at the same time seems like a lot to handle. Now, there are a lot of people who don't think anything much is wrong with the world, in spite of increasing pollution and the lethal illnesses living creatures are suffering because of them. But there are others who are looking for ways to lift the oppressive grid we have imposed on our lives in the natural world. These people want to live freely and healthily in a system that works for everyone -- and many of them are getting together and asking each other, how do we get from here to there?

One gathering of people working to define a more visionary

sense of ecology occurred just before the end of May in Berkeley. Publicly, an event titled "The City, The Garden, The Future" promised to bring together Paolo Soleri, designer of great vertical cities of the future, and Alan Chadwick, considered by many the world's foremost horticulturist. Chadwick is also the leading teacher of Rudolph Steiner's French-intensive biodynamic gardening method, which grows four times as many vegetables as other methods.

Several hundred people gathered at the University of California to hear Soleri and Chadwick speak. It was a great idea: bringing together the man who sees cities as ways to put human beings in proper relation to the spiritual and the man who sees gardens as a link between humans and their invisible sources. But they were an unlikely duo, too -- not only because they had never met before that evening, but because they are in many ways divergent, or converse in their thinking and acting.

"Soleri's arcologies (the name he has given his city designs) are often vast in size," noted



Sam Silver

Futuristic architect Paolo Soleri

Ernest Callenbach, author of *Ecotopia*. "Whereas you could never imagine Chadwick in anything larger than an English country house," Soleri is a person whose underlying impulse seems to come from collecting human energies within amazing social architectures; Chadwick's energy springs from placing each human in direct relationship to the complexity of the natural world and the immense balance of its laws. What links them is a sense of the sacred and a community around each of devoted, energetic, cheerful students.

The day after the two spoke publicly, they met with about 30 northern California environmentalists. The meeting, everyone hoped, would offer some ways to integrate positively Chadwick's and Soleri's ideas into ongoing local programs, or provide an impulse to start some new work using some of these methods.

The gathering took place at the Farallones Institute's Integral Urban House, a renovated white-frame Victorian now outfitted with solar panels, a biodynamic garden, rabbits, chickens, a

Clivus toilet, a greenhouse, waste water recycling, etc.

Some respected activists and organizers showed up to talk with each other: among them Huey Johnson, president of the Trust for Public Land; Elaine Brown, who works with the Trust on creating food gardens in inner-city Oakland; Jerry Yudelson, a member of the newly formed State Office of Appropriate Technology; Helga Olkowski, natural pest control expert and author of *The City Peoples' Book of Raising Food*; Ernest Callenbach, author of *Ecotopia* and *Living Poor With Style*; and Ariel Parkinson, artist and solid waste planner instrumental in the passage of Berkeley's bottle bill.

It was an interesting meeting: almost as if the group set Soleri and Chadwick up as ritual objects, condensations of themselves, and proceeded to deal with them that way. Soleri, tiny and spare, sat casually at the head of the long table; Chadwick, dramatic, tall and sun-tanned, sat near him with his back straight.

What seemed important in the time we spent there was the way everyone grappled with our definitions of reality (or ecology, if you will) itself. In a kind of remarkable way, both of these men -- Soleri with his magic-primitive-futuristic highrising cities aspiring to the sky, and Chadwick with his intense way of describing how the entire cosmos affects each plant, how by a mix of divine attention and practical knowledge, humans can regenerate the earth and leave it richer than they found it -- proffered a rich personal vision. Both visions were so creative and confident, that their simple presence seemed to offer plenty of advice on how to integrate community, how to manifest a more visionary ecology -- one which deals with the structure and the meaning of things at the same time, and experiences them as innately springing from each other.

In that way, the meeting felt very useful to me. I tended to agree with an architect who dropped out of his profession to study with Chadwick at his northern California garden. "Architecture must rise in service to the earth and its creatures; it must therefore spring from horticulture, from the garden. Architecture is not merely to serve man; it is a linking of man through the garden to eternity."

People who think ecology is recycling may wonder what all this has to do with. But if they sit still long enough to let their goal-oriented logical mind settle into their intuitive, whole-systems mind, we all may be able to figure out something better to do with the finger, the dyke, and the tidal wave.

Berkeley



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Editor Emeritus and Correspondent.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



**FLIP OPEN
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EXTRA COOLNESS.**

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Native Americans Demand National Rebirth As U.S. Celebrates Old Age

Continued from Cover

The articles in this special feature give a sense both of the past and present in Native American life. American Indian Movement (AIM) leader Vernon Bellecourt provides a red man's view of the white man's birthday party, while Pacific News Service correspondents Andrew Ross and Stephen Most take a hard look

at Bellecourt's organization.

In recounting the life story of another AIM leader, author Peter Nabokov and Barb editor Ray Riegert describe what begins as a classic Indian biography -- from reservation to Indian school, alcoholism and prison -- and ends with the emergence of Dennis Banks into the national limelight.

With an eye to the history of California's treatment of Indians, Nabokov also provides several first hand accounts from his upcoming anthology, *Native Testimony*. And Barb staff writer Betty Segal writes about another 200th anniversary, the founding of the San Francisco mission, and what it brought to California's natives.

AIM Leader Raps White Man's Birthday

by Vernon Bellecourt

In this year of the Bicentennial, why is America trying to brainwash us with patriotic slogans, with wagon trains, freedom trains? What rights have they to ask us to celebrate their birthday party in our back yard?

We can see the reason why the American Indian Movement has been tied up in the courts for three years, it's because of a conspiracy that originated hundreds of years ago, when this government set in motion a plan of genocide, cultural destruction by means of the missionaries, to destroy the Indian, to take him from

his land so that he will perish.

Colonialism is being destroyed throughout the world. The black man stands and says that he can manage his own affairs. The red man is going to stand, he is going to give spiritual direction to the people who are walking through his part of the universe, seemingly in a dream, not understanding the destruction that they are heaping on his sacred earth, on these people they call Indians, who are the indigenous, sovereign people.

As Leonard Crow Dog said, the reason they want to destroy us is because the red man is the evidence of the western hemisphere. The government is trying to

destroy the evidence.

We ask each one of you in the Bicentennial year to consider the strongest weapon that the native people have, is what Leonard Crow talked about, that we are the truth, we are the evidence. Examine your conscience, examine history. Do not go along with the big public relations job, this mass hypnosis that is taking place on television... You cannot stop the truth by putting Leonard Crow Dog and Dennis Banks in prison. You can execute the leaders, but the youth are correct, and they will carry on the struggle because they represent the truth.

July 4th, 1976, we are going to ask all people... to stand with us and say that it is time that America, to whom we have given everything, should bring about a reconciliation with these red people.

(This excerpt from a recent speech by American Indian Movement leader Vernon Bellecourt is reprinted by courtesy of the Indian Rights Association).

Dennis Banks Biography

From Reservation To Prison To National Leadership

by Peter Nabokov and Ray Riegert

When approximately 35 police and FBI agents surrounded an El Cerrito home harboring the most wanted Indian in the country, earlier this year, the nation received its first formal introduction to American Indian Movement (AIM) leader Dennis James Banks.

The 45 year old full-blooded Chippewa had been underground since August 5, 1975, when he failed to report to South Dakota authorities after being granted a few days grace to participate in the sacred Sioux Sun Dance. Although the government had already lost their case against him and Russell Means, the other major AIM leader, in connection with the Wounded Knee affair, he was actively being sought for sentencing on another charge in South Dakota. Once he dropped out of sight -- adding another legal wrinkle to his mounting legal worries -- Banks became a revolutionary phantom in the romantic Geronimo - Zapata - Guevara tradition, sighted as often as Patty during her Tania phase.

When he first disappeared Banks had clung to South Dakota, slipping from house to house at Pine Ridge before heading north to visit the Sioux reservations of Crow Creek, Cheyenne River and Standing Rock. Circulating easily through a large network of families who welcomed the fugitive with food, shelter and no questions, he was then harbored in North Dakota before motoring into Canada -- the sanctuary for Indian guerrillas since the days of Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph. The border-crossing, Banks recalls with amusement, was quite unclandestine. "They asked our names. I showed them ID's, that I was Dennis Banks. He looked at me and didn't say a thing, and we went on."

Following the stopovers in Winnipeg and Kenora, Ontario, he swung back into North Dakota, and then, like stepping stones: Montana, Idaho, Utah and Nevada. He had a thought to surface in the protective company of newsmen in Reno, but that was scrubbed in favor of California.

Here he found refuge with a fellow Native American, Lehman Brightman, a college instructor. Under the Brightmans' protection, Dennis chopped the shoulder-length hair he had proudly sported since

the early 70's, grew a goatee and spikey mustache as disguises, joined midnight poker games with Brightman's Sicilian cronies, sat in on Brightman's lectures at Contra Costa College, jogged and worked out in Brightman's gym, developed a special intimacy with the Brightman boy, Gall, learned typing, and began an autobiography to be titled, *Let Them Eat Grass*.

He also worried over creating a more stable family life: his fifteenth child, Iron Door Woman, was born December 30th in a prison hospital in Wichita, Kansas where his wife was being held after her Oregon capture. (Of his many offspring, he jokes, with characteristic AIM macho disregard for the women's movement, "People say George Washington is the father of this country. But, I like to think that I am because I've got more children than that man did. I have 8 girls and 7 boys. One is Navaho, one is Sioux, one is Chippewa, one is Japanese. I like to believe that I'm doing my share.")

Upon his capture, a month after settling in at the Brightman's, the fledgling author faced extradition to South Dakota for sentencing in connection with his part in the

controversial demonstration at Custer, South Dakota in February, 1973. A white man, on trial for murdering a Pine Ridge Indian, had been given an extremely light sentence. During the ensuing Indian protest, the Custer Courthouse and Chamber of Commerce Building were burned and later Banks was convicted of assault without intent to kill. But it wasn't fear of prison he said caused his disappearance just days before his sentencing date, it was sure death.

The legal crew surrounding Banks back up this fear with quotes, introduced in court, from the state's Attorney General, William Janklow, such as: "There is only one way to stop the Indian problem here and that's to put a gun at the AIM leader's head and put a bullet in it."

Banks also faced federal firearms and explosives charges in Oregon, but these have subsequently been dropped. Today, with his future in the hands of Governor Jerry Brown, the one person who can block extradition to South Dakota, Banks looks back into his past for the roots of the rebellious spirit which would lead him into his present troubles.

It is often said that the grandson remembers what the son tries to forget. Dennis Banks makes that classic identification as he recalls the backwater hamlet of Willow Creek in northern Minnesota's Leech Lake Reservation where he was born in a two-room log cabin on April 12, 1932. Since the early 19th century, the Leech Lake dwellers had been known as "The Pillager" band of Chippewa due to their notoriety as robbers and front-line fighters in the Chippewa's ancient feuding with the Sioux. Josh and Jenny Drumbeater, Banks' grandparents, were staunch traditionalists, medicine people, whose personalities held the tiny kinship system of Willow Creek together.

For young "Den" Banks, his only early contact with the surrounding white culture was the periodic visits of a matronly nurse whose aspirins, cough syrups and hypodermics were held over his head if he didn't behave. Speaking only Chippewa, seasonally harvesting wild rice at nearby Headquarters Bay, making Indian tobacco from the local willows, maple sugaring, fishing, hunting, and witnessing the cycle of religious rites, weddings and funerals, officiated by his grandparents -- "we were living," Banks nostalgically recalls, "in an atmosphere that virtually protected us from outside interference. There was a shield there based upon community spirit and strength." In 1934 the shield was shattered. That year the controversial Indian Reorganization Act brought



Dennis Banks, a Chippewa



such isolated reservations as Leech Lake, which had been slowly reviving since the disruptive western Indian wars 50 years earlier, under renewed government scrutiny. But more immediately, a dam was built nearby and Willow Creek was re-dubbed Federal Dam. "From that point on, between the new liquor store and the construction workers, the church and the Bureau of Indian Affairs agents, the Indian community completely collapsed." The speed of the disintegration amazes Banks still. "Josh Drumbeater began to hold ceremonies more regularly, almost every night, almost like funeral ceremonies. They would pray that they would hold us together."

But a more personally devastating blow was in store for Banks. "I was still five years old. I remember the school bus came. There were three of us from the settlement. We had suitcases and boxes with string tied around them. I remember driving; we stayed in some donut joint, and the next morning we started going again." He had been swept up in the archaic policy of shipping Indian children to government boarding schools to "civilize" them -- a policy which had been in effect since the 1880's. He and his companions disembarked at Pipestone Indian School in the southeastern tip of the state. Banks would not see his family for another ten years.

Other buses unloaded equally scared kids with their rag-tag bundles from tribes throughout the middle west, and the indoctrination began immediately. "They ran us through a defumigation. I can still smell it. When we went we had braids. Everybody had their hair cut very short, even the girls. It was very much like a ritual -- the uniforms, the hair

INDIAN
STICE
NOT
ANGED

OO
EARS



Berna Kolinsky



by Peter Nabokov

What were native Americans thinking and doing in 1776?

In the buffalo-hide pictographic calendar of a Sioux named Battiste Good, the momentous year 1776 is depicted as the winter when "Assiniboines went home and came back mad to make a fresh attack." Good probably reflected the feeling of most Far West tribes, who were more interested in the wonderfully expanded cultural interaction which the horse was providing for them, than in any nation-founding taking place in the general direction of the rising sun.

In 1776, on the east coast, however, it was a more sober story. Most Indian nations and federations had been unable to resist badgering, threats, bribes to join



either England or the "thirteen fires" -- the colonies -- in their fracas. Many made the wrong choice and paid dearly. In 1776 the southern Cherokees sided with the British, and in July, Col. Andrew Williamson of South Carolina promptly dispensed a scorched earth policy to their so-called "lower towns," leaving not a house or cornstalk standing.

That same policy would be visited upon the once-mighty Iroquois three years later; George Washington would not be known as the father of their country. Instead, for generations the Onondaga, Seneca and Mohawk would describe him to their children as "The Town Destroyer" for ordering his generals to burn to the ground all their towns, orchards and wheat fields.

In December, 1776 the local Indians at-

tacked the Spaniards in San Francisco. It was the same year that Father Serra had built his sixth mission there, with the general pillage, land-usurpation and rape by Spanish soldiery that went along with Indian conversion throughout California and the Southwest.

The following accounts, taken from native American sources, reflect three aspects of the California Indian experience -- premonition of the white man's appearance and character, the mission era, and the period of what can only be termed Indian genocide in the 1850's and 60's. The accounts are taken from a two-volume anthology of Indian/white relations, as seen through Indian eyes, to be published next year by T.Y. Crowell Co. It is titled: **Native Testimony**.

White Man Takes All

In 1939, Lucy Young, a member of the Wintun tribe from northern California, gave a local historian her life story. Although she was nearly blind from cataracts and over 90 years old her story-telling gifts remained sharp. The humorous, poignant recollection of her grandfather probably took place in the 1840's just before gold was discovered in her people's land. Later in her story Mrs. Young describes her family's terrible experiences during the Gold Rush itself. The treasure-hunters who came then were responsible for killing over 50,000 California natives between 1849 and 1852 alone.

My grandpa, before white people came, had a dream. He was so old he was all doubled up. Knees to chin, and eyes like indigo. Grown son carry him in great basket on his back, every place.

My grandpa say: "White Rabbit" -- he mean white people -- "gonta devour our grass, our seed, our living. We won't have nothing more, this world. Big elk with straight horn come when white man bring it." I think he meant cattle. "Nother animal, bigger than deer, but round feet, got hair on neck." This one, horse, I guess.

My aunt say: "Oh, Father, you out your head, don't say that way."

He say: "Now, Daughter, I not crazy. You young people gonta see this."

People come long way, listen to him dream. He dream, then say this way, every morning.

They leave li'l children play by him. He watch good. Have big stick, wave round, scare snake away. He had good teeth. All old people had good teeth.

One time they travel, they come to big pile of brush. My grandpa stop, and look at it. He say: "This, good wood. When I die, burn my body on ashes on top of ground. Here gotta be big canoe, run around, carry white people's things. Those White Rabbit got lotsa everything."

"How canoe gonta run round on dry ground all round here?" we askum. "Don't know," he say. "Just run that way." He mean wagon, I guess.

I never grow much. They call me 'Li'l Shorty,' but I know pretty near everything that time. My grandpa put his head on my head, smooze my hair, and hold his hand there.

"Long time you gonta live, my child," he say. "You live long time in this world."

Well, I live long enough. I guess 'bount ninety-five next summer, if I living till then.

My grandpa never live to see white people, just dreaming every night 'bout them. People come long way, listen him dream.

My grandpa move down by big spring. One day he couldn't get up. He say: "I gonta leave you today. I used to be good hunter, kill bear, elk, deer, feed my children. Can't feed my children no more. Like old root, just ready for growing now. Pretty soon dead. Speak no more."



Kidnapped By Missionaries

Sometime between 1820 and 1830 a Kamia Indian named Janitin was brought under guard to the San Miguel mission south of present-day San Diego. As an old man in 1878, he told an interviewer what he experienced at the mission and displayed the scars he had received at the hands of Dominican fathers. Not all Spaniards behaved so harshly. Some Franciscans in the southwest were actually welcomed by Indians, because in the natives' words, "... these go about poorly dressed and barefooted like us; they eat what we eat, they settle down among us, and their intercourse is gentle." But the California padres judged their success by the quantities of Indian names on their baptismal rolls and by the volume of their farm and craft products created at the missions. That called for full work details of neophytes.

I and two of my relatives went down from the Sierra of Neji to the beach of el Rosarito, to catch clams for eating and to carry to the sierra as we were accustomed to do all the years; we did no harm to anyone on the road, and on the beach we thought of nothing more than catching and drying clams in order to carry them to our village.

While we were doing this, we saw two men on horseback coming rapidly towards us; my relatives were immediately afraid and they fled with all speed, hiding themselves in a very dense willow-grove which then existed in the canyon of the Rancho del Rosarito.

As soon as I saw myself alone, I also became afraid of those men and ran to the forest in order to join my companions, but already it was too late, because in a moment they overtook me and lassoed and dragged me for a long distance, wounding me much with the branches over which they dragged me, pulling me lassoed as I was with their horses running; after this they roped me with my arms behind and carried me off to the Mission of San Miguel, making me travel almost at a run in order to keep up with their horses, and when I stopped a little to catch my wind, they lashed me with the lariats that they carried, making me understand by signs that I should hurry; after much traveling in this manner,

Massacre At Bloody Island

The "Bloody Island Massacre" of 1850 took place during the darkest period of California Indian history. Anti-Indian sentiment was at a fever-pitch: between 1848 and 1870 some 50,000 natives -- contemptuously called "diggers" -- were killed in a mixture of military massacres, citizen-organized "Indian hunts," and disease epidemics. Between 1850 and 1863, an estimated 10,000 California natives were sold or indentured as cheap labor in the U.S. and Mexico -- children preferred.

Among such outrages was the murder of over 100 Pomo men, women and children on an island in Pomo County's Clear Lake, "a perfect slaughter pen" in the words of the U.S. Army Captain whose troops did the deed.

Here, Chief William Benson, born twelve years after the massacre, gives his people's version of what happened. It opens with two ex-fur trappers abusing a band of starved, semi-enslaved Pomos. Attempting to rustle cattle to stay alive, the Indians accidentally lose their overseers' horse. Realizing they will be punished, they murder their bosses. Although they flee, it is with a foreboding sense of the massive retaliation that awaits them.

... One Day the lake watchers saw a boat came around the point. Some news coming they said to each others. Two of the men went to the landing to see what the news were. They were told that the white warriors had come to kill all the Indians around the lake. So hide the best you can. The whites are making boats and with that they are coming up the lake. So we are told by the people down there. So they had two men go up on top of Uncle Sam Mountain. The north peak. From there they watch the lower lake.

For three days they watch the lake. One morning they saw a long boat came up the lake with pole on the bow with red cloth. And several of them came. Every one of the boats had ten to fifteen men. The smoke signal was given by the two watchmen. Every Indian around the lake knew the soldiers were coming up the lake. And how many of them. And those who were watching the trail saw the infantry coming over the hill from lower lake. These two men were watching from Ash Hill. They went to Stone and Kelsey's house. From there the horsemen went down to the lake and the soldiers went across the valley to Lakeport. They went on to Scotts Valley. Shoot a few shoots with their big gun and went on to Upper Lake and camped on Emmerson Hill. From there they saw the Indian camp on the island. The next morning the white warriors went across in their long dugouts. The Indians said they would meet them in peace. So when the whites landed the Indians went to wellcom them but the white man was determined to kill them.

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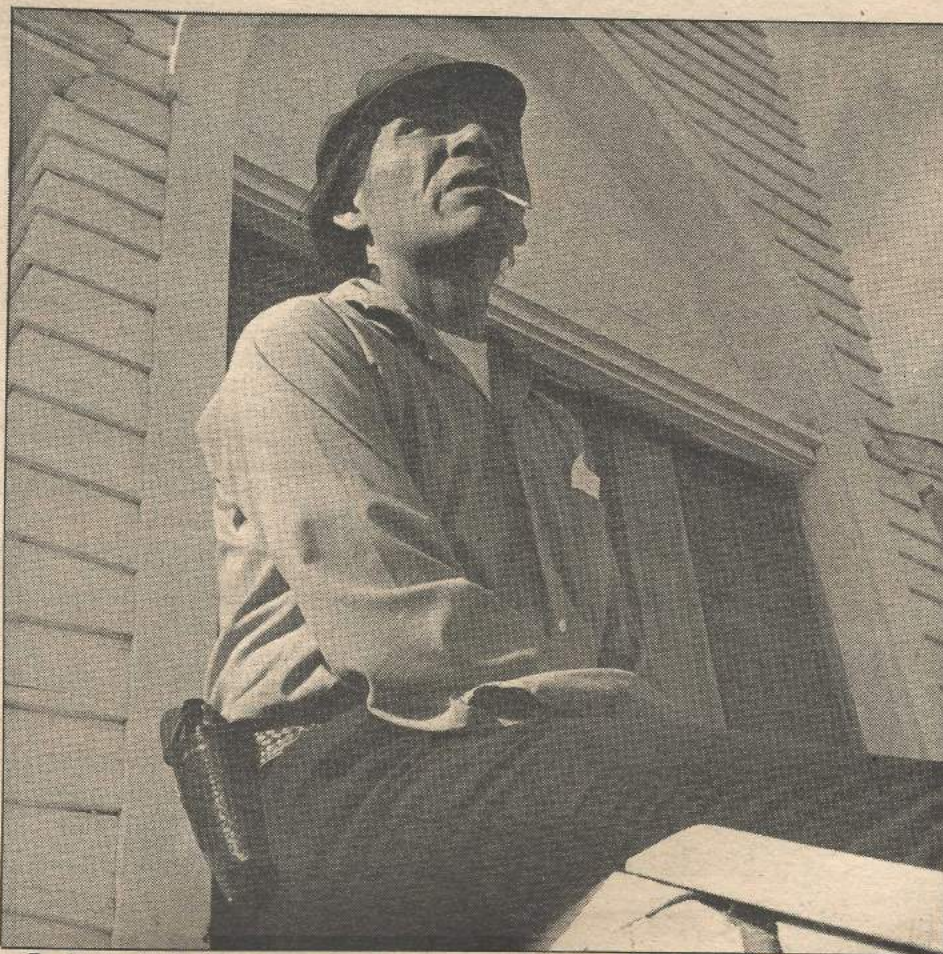
home a charred foundation. Across Willow Creek he discovered his grandparents still alive; they greeted him in Chippewa and he could no longer understand their speech.

His father had abandoned the family during World War II, his mother had become a complete alcoholic. He took odd jobs to eke a living for her and his brothers and sisters, but finally, in 1953, he took the familiar outlet of the American third-class, and joined the military.

As Airman Second Class assigned to aerial reconnaissance invading North Korean air space to photograph communist bases, Banks found greater fascination on the ground around Tokyo. "I think Japanese culture provided me with what I had had damn near taken away from me by the BIA schools. I picked up on their language and music, I attended Japanese religious ceremonies," and he fell in love with a woman named Michiko. They married in a traditional ritual, and had a daughter, Machiko. But when the time came for his discharge to the states, U.S. authorities refused to recognize their marriage -- he suspects because her parents were Communist Party members. Banks went AWOL, brawled with the MP's who came after him, was busted and thrown in the brig. There he renounced his U.S. citizenship, but was still clapped in irons and escorted to Tokyo International Airport. He never saw that family again.

Back in the Great Lakes region, Banks followed the bitter road well known to uprooted Indian veterans returning from World War II, falling into an eight-year binge "in the jungles of Milwaukee and Minneapolis. I bummed around working out of skid row and the slave markets. I lived out of flop houses and abandoned cars, my time was filled with drinking, fights and unemployment." Bouncing from one tormented domestic scene to another, he left two wives and many children behind in blurry succession, and gained notoriety along Washington Avenue bars in Minneapolis as a gregarious drunk with a gift for words and hustling. The descent ended predictably in 1966; Banks found himself in Minnesota's Stillwater Prison doing five years for burglary. Serving two and a half years, he joined an

--Banks: From Broken Home To Broken Treaties



Banks packed a pistol outside the church at Wounded Knee during the 1973 siege.

Indian culture class in prison, and began reading about his race. When he was in solitary confinement, for a total of nine months, his sole companion was the eloquent autobiography of an Oglala Sioux holy man, *Black Elk Speaks*. In that crucible, Banks' self-destruction somehow transferred into "a process of learning, and making a determination that in my own life I would have to do something once I was released -- I could never return to prison. And the idea of forming an Indian organization slowly developed

in my mind."

Banks was a late-starter in the militant arena. The "Red Power" movement had been spreading since 1960; he was still behind bars when Stan Steiner's prophetic *The New Indians* heralded the arrival of "Red Muslims," the Indian nationalists who were following in the footsteps of angry blacks and Chicanos, but with an older and more complex list of grievances. As government, private industry, and church organizations began racing to appease their menacing en-

ergy, Honeywell Corporation of Minneapolis, a conglomerate specializing in weapons systems, sent queries to the city's proliferating Indian organizations asking for the baddest street-smart Indian to recruit. Their unanimous choice of Banks coincided with his early 1968 release from Stillwater, and shortly afterward he was collecting employees part of the time, and organizing the rest, on Honeywell's expense account. Honeywell would bankroll him for the next four years.

Although naive about the earlier Indian movements which had created the climate for AIM's success, Banks was about to tap an entirely new constituency: the alienated Indians who had been swarming into the cities since the ill-conceived Indian Relocation programs of the Eisenhower years. Both the reservation-based National Congress of American Indians, and the Indian Youth Council formed in 1964 by college-educated younger Indians, had largely ignored the welling frustration of their kinsmen trapped by the thousands in the cement prairies of Chicago, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle.

Cut off from their reservation origins and suddenly invisible when federal Indian funds were dispensed, this minority within a minority had begun congregating in "Indian ghettos" and favored bars, or around the few Indian Centers which offered some social life and help with alcoholism, unemployment, run-ins with police, and apartment hunting. They had acquired a bitter, if diffuse, sense of the "enemy" surrounding them, and a bar-fighter's instinct for lashing out.

Banks began building upon their pent-up anger on July 28, 1968, when he rented a hall and held a meeting of 250 street Indians and representatives of Minneapolis' Indian groups. After his account of prison, and his vision of a new kind of Indian organization, a husky, hoarse-voiced man began firing questions. "It was a very good meeting," Banks remembers with satisfaction. "He was asking hard questions, the ones I had been asking myself in prison. The guy that kept badgering me was named Clyde Bellecourt." That night the two of them founded and signed up members for the American Indian Movement.

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--Deadly Wellcom At Bloody Island

Continued from page 7

Ge-Wi-Lih said he threw up his hands and said no harm me good man. But the white man fired and shoot him in the arm and another shoot came and hit a man standing along side of him and was killed. So they had to run and fight back; as they ran back in the tules and hed under the water; four or five of them gave a little battle and another man was shoot in the shoulder. Some of them jumped in the water and hed in the tuleys. Many women and children were killed on around this island.

One old lady a Indian told about what

she saw while hiding under a bank in under aoever hanging tuleys. She said she saw two white man coming with their guns up in the air and on their guns hung a little girl. They brought it to the creek and threw it in the water. And a little later two more men came in the same manner. This time they had a little boy on the end of their guns and also threw it in the water. A little ways from her she said layed a woman shoot through the shoulder. She held her little baby in her arms. Two white men came running torge the woman and baby. They stabbed the woman and the baby and threw both of them over the bank in to the water. She said she heard the woman say, O my baby; she said when they gathered the dead they found all the little ones were killed by being stabbed, and many of the woman were also killed stabbing. She said it took them four or five days to gather up the dead. And the dead were all burnt on the east side of the creek. . .

The next morning the soldiers started for Mendocino County. And there killed many Indians. The camp was on the ranch now known as Ed Howell ranch. The solders made camp a little ways below bout one half mile from the Indian camp. The Indians wanted to surrender. But the solders did not give them time. The

solders went in the camp and shoot them down as tho if they were dogs. Some of them escaped by going down a little creek leading to the river. And some of them hed in the brush. And those who hed in the brush most of them were killed. And those who hed in the water was over looked. They killed mostly woman and children. . .

One old man told me about the solders killing the Indians in this same camp. He said young man from the description he gave. He must have been about 18 or 20 years of age. He said he and another boy about the same age was taken by the solders and he said there were two solders in charge of them. One would walk ahead and one behind them. . . They both were bearfooted he said when they began to climb the mountain between Mendocino and Lake County. He said they were made to keep up with the solders. When they were climbing over the Bottlerock Mountain. Thir feet were cutup by the

rocks and thir feet were bleeding and they could not walk up with the solders. The man behind would jab them with the sharp knife fixed on the end of the gun. . .

Two or three days later the chife solder told them they could go back. They was then given meat and bread. All they could pack. He said they started on thir back journey. He said it was all most difficult for them to walk but raped alot of cloth around thir feet and by doing so made thir way all right. . .

Now and then they would side tract. And look back to see if the solders were following them. After seen no solders following them they would start out for another run. He said they traveled in such manner untill they got to thir home. He said to himself. Hear I am not to see my mother and sister but to see thir blood scattered over the ground like water and thir bodys for coyotes to devour. He said he sat down under a tree and cried all day.

--He Speak No More

Continued from page 7



Ballantine Books

All seem like dream to me. Long, long ago. Night-time, he die, and in morning, all tied up in deerskin with grass rope. Sit up knees to chin. They tie him up too soon. He roll over, and come back. Scare everybody. He ask for water, and ask for packstrap to basket always carry him in. He ask for li'l basket he always use for cup. He drink lots.

"I starve for water, and want my strap," he say. "That's why I come back."

Then he die. Our people dig big hole, put stick across. Put brush. Put body in. Put more brush. Burn all to ashes. They put basket and strap, too, with him, when he go where people go at last.

First solders ever I see, my li'l sister 'bout three feet high. Took us to Fort Baker and down Van Duzen River. Mother run away, twice. Last time took us to lower country. I run off, too, many times.



WIN/LNS

--Kidnapped By Missionaries

Continued from page 7

they diminished the pace and lashed me in order that I would always travel at the pace of the horses.

When we arrived at the mission, they locked me in a room for a week, the father (a Dominican priest) made me go to his habitation and he talked to me by means of an interpreter, telling me that he would make me a Christian, and he told me many things that I did not understand, and Cunnur, the interpreter, told me that I should do as the father told me, because now I was not going to be set free, and it would go very bad with me if I did not consent in it; they gave me *atole de mayz* (corn gruel) to eat which I did not like because I was not accustomed to that food; but there was nothing else to eat.

One day they threw water on my head and gave me salt to eat, and with this the interpreter told me that now I was Christian and that I was called Jesus; I knew nothing of this, and I tolerated it all because in the end I was a poor Indian and did not have recourse but to conform myself and tolerate the things

they did with me.

The following day after my baptism, they took me to work with the other Indians, and they put me to cleaning a milpa of maize; since I did not know how to manage the hoe that they gave me, after hoeing a little, I cut my foot and could not continue working with it but I was out to pulling out the weeds by hand, and in this manner I did not finish the task that they gave me. In the afternoon they lashed me for not finishing the job, and the following day the same thing happened as on the previous day. Everyday they lashed me unjustly because I did not finish what I did not know how to do, and thus I existed for many days until I found a way to escape; but I was tracked and they caught me like a fox; there they seized me by lasso as on the first occasion, and they carried me off to the mission torturing me on the road; after we arrived the father passed along the corridor of the house, and he ordered that they fasten me to the stake and castigate me; they lashed me till I lost consciousness, and I did not regain consciousness for many hours afterwards. For several days I could not raise myself from the floor where they laid me, and I still have on my shoulders the marks of the lashes they gave me then.

1776 Founding

San Francisco Mission Brought Death To Indians

by Betty Segal

Mission Dolores, founded in 1776, celebrates its bicentennial this year, along with the rest of the country. However, for the Bay region Native Americans -- Costanoans -- 1776 meant not the start of a national heritage, but the beginning of total extinction. There are no Costanoans left today to preserve the memory of what the coming of the mission fathers meant to them.

Mission Dolores is more properly called Mission San Francisco de Asis. The name "Dolores" (sorrows), while prophetic for the Indians, came into common use because a small lake beside the mission site was discovered on a religious holiday and named for Nuestra Senora de los Dolores (our Lady of Sorrows).

In both San Francisco and Monterey, establishment of the missions was accompanied by establishment of a military garrison (Presidio) and a seat of local government.

Transgressions by the Indian converts were punished more harshly here and in Monterey than in most of the missions. Lt. Don Jose Moraga, the military commander, and Governor Borica dealt severely with the "fickleness" of the neophytes. Borica sentenced one group of runaways to the lash -- from 25 to 75 strokes -- each followed by hard labor in shackles on the grounds of the Presidio.

Meanwhile, epidemics of diseases like measles decimated the Indians living in the mission settlement here. The Mission

San Rafael was built as a sort of convalescent hospital for them. Still the neophyte population went down to less than one-sixth of what it had been when the mission first opened.

Descriptions of the Indians during the Mission period picture them as dirty and spiritless. A travelling French artist, Louis Choris, noted in 1816 that the mission fathers called them "lazy, stupid,

how to make palatable food out of roots, nuts and seeds. The reeds gave them thatch for their dwellings and materials for making baskets. They wore few clothes, cleansed themselves in sweathouses, and were healthy and cheerful, unwarlike people, according to the reports of the earliest European travellers. They had their own myths and ceremonies, as well as a language distinctly different from that



Indian dance at San Francisco's Mission Dolores.

gluttonous, timorous, and jealous." Choris added that they never laughed, or looked Europeans in the face, or appeared to take much interest in anything.

Before the coming of the missionaries, Indians had lived in the Bay region for thousands of years. Many lived in small settlements on the shores of the Bay. They fed well off the bountiful supply of fish, shellfish, birds and game. They knew

of the Chumash further south, or the Pomos to the northwest.

The mission fathers thought they were saving the souls of these people whom they introduced to heavy clothes, chapel worship, hard labor, and harsh punishment for trying to run away. The mission did provide some protection until 1833, when all Church property was secularized, and the Costanoans became serfs of the landed gentry. However, this was

but a brief interlude; by 1848, when all Native Americans became fair game for gold-rush colonists, their numbers had already been reduced from 300,000 to 175,000. And most of these had moved from the shores of the Bay, back into the foothills and interior valleys.

The total number of converts in all the missions reached a peak of 21,000 in 1820. Each mission had its trade speciality, depending on the location and the climate. San Francisco was too cold and damp for agriculture; here the Indians labored at building, weaving, tending cattle, curing hides and rendering tallow. Elsewhere, they made tiles for roofing and aqueducts, crushed olives for oil, and quarried and dragged building stones for the colonists, women and children working along with men. Their status was that of wayward children, not much above the level of slaves.

The mission fathers' treatment of Indians had at least the justification that it stemmed from a paternalistic religious fervor, the same motivation that drove Protestant missionaries to Hawaii and the Orient several generations later. The crimes committed in the second half of the 19th century against the California Indians, however, were so much more gross and shameful that life in the mission settlements looks like a pastoral interlude by comparison.

In 30 years after the U.S. acquired the territory, 155,000 Indians were massacred in California, with coastal Indians suffering the highest mortality. For the first nine of those 30 years, the U.S. paid the state a bounty on dead Indians amounting to \$924,259.

The gold-rush colonists also brought whisky and venereal disease. Indians were not infrequently shot down in the street, as an Indian's life was thought to have no value. Between three and four thousand Indian children were kidnapped and sold into slavery between 1852 and 1867. A U.S. government inspector wrote during this period that the Indians "were sacrifices to the great cause of civilization, which in the natural course of things, must exterminate Indians."

-- Banks' Life Story

Continued from page 8

Police harassment was then racking the Minneapolis Indian community. Each night paddy wagons brutally worked the Indian bars, hauling in Indians by the dozens. Taking their cue from the Oakland Panthers, Banks and his growing number of comrades took to policing the police in "Indian Patrol" cars, complete with two-way radios, cameras, tape recorders, and red blazers.

In 1969 AIM chapters opened in Cass Lake -- where four-year old Banks and his mother had once been forced to beg on the sidewalks for food -- and in Milwaukee. That November he and Bellecourt heard Russell Means berate an education conference. Later the feisty Pine Ridge Sioux accepted their invitation to open an AIM chapter in Cleveland.

Although Banks and his AIM fellow warriors made supportive appearances at the Alcatraz Island invasion in November, 1969, and the Mount Rushmore takeover the following summer (led by Lehman Brightman, who would later harbor the fugitive Banks in El Cerrito) the singular AIM style of dramatized defiance did not fully emerge until August, 1970. Bellecourt and Banks had been brainstorming on the paramount problems facing Indians. "We kept narrowing them down and finally realized there were three areas which had to change. One was the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which controls everything Indian people do on the reservations. The second was education. And the third one, we kicked this around for a long time -- was Christianity."

Hearing that a consortium of Lutheran church groups were holding their annual Indian conference that August in Sioux Falls, and (through some digging) learning that normally only five Indians out of over two hundred delegates showed up, they circled the date. "Clyde Bellecourt

and I and Joe Big Bear, who was fifteen years old, went, and as they were about to open their conference, we took over." Demanding that a dollar for every Indian head in the U.S. -- \$750,000 -- be put into an all-Indian special board, Banks refused to budge from the podium. The Lutherans magnanimously gave in, but a few days later reneged, whereupon AIM "security forces" bought bicycle and snow chains and barricaded themselves for five days in a dormitory at the conference site. "The police were coming, the press was going wild," Banks recalls with relish. "That was the first time we'd done anything like that. . . . When we realized they weren't going to fund us I took two planks about ten feet long, shortened one of them, and nailed it into a big cross." Banks bore the symbol on his back to the Lutheran meeting and hurled it to the ground, a piece of theatre which helped climax the affair. The Lutherans promised \$250,000 for Indians, and AIM stalked out vowing to file a suit asking for \$250 million for gross violation of the Ten Commandments, \$450 million for alienation of ecumenical affections, and \$325 million for punitive damages. "Then we took the same idea and went to the Presbyterians," Banks says with a grin, and in rapid order AIM similarly mau-maued the Catholics, Baptists, Mormons and Billy Graham.

By 1971, the "countdown for the Bureau of Indian Affairs" was underway, with planning for a multi-tribal stream of cross-country auto caravans to converge on Washington for target month, November, 1972, to present a twenty-point list of grievances.

Only a few months later the full-blood Oglala Sioux "traditional" faction sent for Banks and Means to lend assistance in a bloody civil war developing on their Pine Ridge Reservation. They were trying to impeach the new tribal chairman, the mixed-blood Richard Wilson, whom they claimed was exercising dictatorial power backed by a gun-slinging "goon squad," while the BIA obligingly looked the other

way. Banks' role in the resulting Wounded Knee occupation, which drew the nation's attention more to AIM and Sioux internal squabbling than to the underlying civil and treaty rights disputes, was as behind-the-scenes coordinator between the Oglala traditionalists and AIM's warriors in the bunkers.

The Wounded Knee experience, to Banks who was there from first day to last, "was the ultimate in a man's life, to see your own people moved to that type of action. Looking back, I really believe that the broken hoop was being mended at Wounded Knee, and that the water was being given to the tree of life. Wounded Knee was an attempt to help an entire race survive, help give life and endurance to Indian nations."

Today Banks' exile status, and rumored plans to teach and keep a low profile, have opened a public breach between him and his celebrated co-militant, Russell Means. Just twenty-four hours before he was shot in the face and neck by a fellow AIM member on May 4th in Wagner, South Dakota, Means charged Banks was "selling out to win his freedom." Banks should face his South Dakota charges, Means said, and if he wanted to teach, do so in a South Dakota AIM-sponsored school. An AIM insider gave other reasons for the long-simmering split: "He can't take Russell's boozing," while Banks has become a fanatic teetotaler. Another, more ideological, explanation involves white-owned businesses on Indian reservations. Means was severely criticized for not siding with the AIM occupiers of a pork processing plant on South Dakota's Yankton Sioux reservation last fall; indeed, the man charged with shooting him was one of those "pork plant boys." Banks, on the other hand, is adamant on the issue. "I don't buy this talk about self-determination. I'll understand self-determination when I can see the Northern Cheyenne kick the coal barons the hell off their reservations, without having to go begging to Interior for the

right to do it." He recently voiced all-out support for the pork plant occupiers.

According to the most incisive observer of the internal workings of the Indian movement, author and lawyer Vine Deloria, Jr., Banks stands unique among AIM leadership, "I get along best with Dennis. . . I have felt much closer (to him) in terms of what issues we can really agree on to pull a coalition of Indians together. . . I have the feeling that if any of the other Indian organizations worked out a strategy, the one in AIM to present it would be Dennis, because he would be able to see what the implications were."

Despite such tribute, Banks apparently has his eye on farther stars. "I know that the movement will continue now, and I owe myself the chance to put back what I have taken out of my Mother Earth, and I haven't done that. I want to live on this earth and I want this earth to appreciate me when I do, and I can't do that as long as I am living where there's this repression against me personally, so that I do not have time to plant and I do not have time to pray. . . I think it's necessary, we look at leadership through the country and throughout history, and we see none of the international figures speaking about spiritual values because they'll think, what the hell kind of madman is this -- we got problems of world hunger, we got world pollution, we got problems of third world people starving because of lack of economic development. But I don't see going back and receiving full spiritual direction as giving up political ambitions. Maybe that's part of my whole design -- to go back and receive full spiritual commitment, and then come back again. . . I am young enough to where I could go back ten years -- go back to the reservation for ten solid years, and receive direction from Mother Earth and learn the planting seasons all over again and plant for ten years and then maybe come back."

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Studio B:

Jack Nicholson in ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, 6, 9:45 p.m. Louise Lasser in Woody Allen's BANANAS, 8:20, 12:00 p.m. Fri, Sat, Sun only.

Under Siege, AIM Finds Its Spiritual Roots

by Andrew Ross and Stephen Most
Pacific News Service

Three years after the internationally publicized occupation of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, the American Indian Movement (AIM) which led the uprising appears, on the surface, to be a shambles.

The AIM leadership has been imprisoned or chased underground, and the organization's time and energy has been tied up in over 150 separate court cases. Dennis Banks and Russell Means, the prime movers of the organization, are reported to be bitterly divided over their future roles, and Means was recently the target of an assassination attempt, allegedly carried out by members of a rival AIM faction.

In addition, AIM's legal offense/defense office has been unable to generate sufficient political or financial support for its various legal battles. And even AIM spokespeople quietly acknowledge that its national office is barely functioning.

All this, Indian activists claim, points to the success of an ambitious FBI effort to disrupt and dismantle the militant Indian movement by a combination of harassment, infiltration and division of leadership -- tactics strikingly similar to the controversial COINTELPRO techniques with which federal agents struck at militant black organizations during the late 1960s and early 1970s.

But given the continuing series of critical AIM setbacks, a curious phenomenon remains: what began as a small band of urban, politically-minded reformers has been transformed into a pervasive, decentralized spiritual movement woven into the fabric of traditional Indian culture. As such, AIM has ignited what one Indian leader calls "the spiritual rebirth of our nation."

TURNING POINT

Since its founding in 1968 as an urban organization for unemployed Indians who had come to cities through the federal relocation program, AIM has gone through numerous transformations.

Its early successes were chiefly confined to the cities. In St. Paul, AIM led a drive to persuade big industries to employ Indians. In Minneapolis it worked with the Office of Economic Opportunity to channel funds into native peoples organizations.

The Minneapolis AIM patrol followed police who were arresting and beating Indians, then appeared in courts as witnesses to prove a pattern of discrimination. Within a year, arrest rates dropped sharply.

AIM work in Minneapolis also led to the building of an Indian Center and the first urban Indian housing project with 230 homes.



American Indian Movement leaders Russell Means and Dennis Banks.

These efforts made AIM known as the most effective Indian activist group, and branches soon sprang up in cities with native populations throughout the country.

But the critical turning point in the movement occurred when leaders visited medicine man Leonard Crow Dog on the Rosebud Sioux Reservation. Crow Dog advised them that to be a true Indian organization they needed to return to the spiritual heart of traditional Indian cul-



FBI agent Doug Durham infiltrated AIM. ture -- a spark still preserved by the traditional and holy people.

Said one leader, "That is actually when the American Indian Movement was born."

Soon after, AIM united with traditional Sioux and members of the Oglala Civil Rights Commission to take a stand at Wounded Knee. They chose the site of the 1890 massacre to protest unpunished killings of Indians and the one-man rule of tribal president Richard Wilson because, as Wallace Black Elk said:

"The hoop, the sacred hoop was broken here at Wounded Knee, and it will come back again. The stake here that represents the tree of life, the tree will bloom, it will flower again, and all the people will rejoin and come back to the sacred road, the red road."

During and after the Wounded Knee occupation, AIM groups formed spontaneously on reservations throughout the U.S. AIM-inspired actions by Navajo, Menominee and other groups occurred independently of the central hierarchy, under local leadership.

"That's the best thing about the movement," says Dennis Banks today. "The rank and file are taking steps on their own, without waiting for orders from their leaders."

ASSAULT ON LEADERSHIP

Most of the top leaders are currently embroiled in legal battles with state and federal authorities. Russell Means, a major figure in the Wounded Knee occupation, faces a two-to-ten year jail sentence on a riot conviction.

Leonard Crow Dog, now the movement's "spiritual leader," was recently released from jail pending an appeal of an assault conviction. AIM co-founder Dennis Banks is fighting extradition to South Dakota, where, he insists, he will be killed by authorities if he is forced to return.

Two AIM members have just gone on trial in Cedar Falls, Iowa, for the murder of two FBI agents last summer. And two others have been in jail without trial since 1974 in Ventura, Ca., accused of murdering a taxi driver.

For months following the murder of two FBI agents and an Indian at Oglala, S.D., on June 26, 1975, the FBI virtually occupied the Pine Ridge reservation with 150 agents -- the heaviest concentration of federal police, per capita, in the country.

Four Indian men were eventually charged with the agents' deaths. All but one, Leonard Peltier, who is fighting extradition in Canada, are now on trial.

According to the FBI, Peltier was traveling with Dennis Banks, his wife Kamook, and three others in November of last year when Oregon police stopped them and charged them with carrying dynamite -- which has since mysteriously disappeared. Banks and Peltier escaped but Kamook and the others were arrested.

One of the others, Annie Mae Aquash, who was pregnant at the time of the arrest, slipped away from custody following her transfer to South Dakota. Her battered body was later found in Wanblee, on the Pine Ridge Reservation, and after an autopsy the FBI announced her dead from exposure. But a second autopsy requested by her family found a bullet hole in the back of her head.

In the trial of the remaining two defendants, a key prosecution witness has withdrawn much of his testimony after admitting he was secretly coached by government prosecutors on what to say in court.

A DIFFERENT AIM

Despite the arrests, convictions and deaths, AIM supporters insist the movement continues to flourish. They point with pride to its involvement with the recent International Treaty Conference, which drew thousands of Native Americans as well as representatives of revolutionary groups from Rhodesia, the Middle East and Puerto Rico. There are also ongoing projects such as AIM "survival schools" for Indian children, two of which recently received \$200,000 government grants.

"AIM will be the liberation organization of our people for the next 20 years," claims Jimmy Durhan of the International Indian Treaty Council.

Leaders and supporters agree, however, that the AIM that has survived is different from the AIM of 1968, or even the AIM of Wounded Knee. It has to a large extent forsaken its "vanguard" role and purposefully integrated itself into traditional tribal structures.

Its members are no longer outside activists from the cities, but are more often drawn from the broad spectrum of traditional tribal members on each reservation. And AIM does not often act alone, but as part of tribal organizations like the Lakota Treaty Council on Pine Ridge Reservation that have taken the lead in the Native Americans' major fight: the restoration of treaty rights and sovereignty.

In this process AIM has gradually developed a philosophy and a strategy that more closely accords with the aspirations of the "traditionals" on the reservation. Tribal languages, religions and cultures -- not political philosophies derived from the white world -- provide an identity for the movement.

AIM leaders like Dennis Banks, for example, now eschew the potential economic benefits of developing natural resources on Indian lands where such actions conflict with the beliefs of the traditionals.

Rather than looking to increased revenues as the key answer to tribal problems, Banks worries about the impact of the economic rules learned from white America. "The greatest danger comes from the economic system," says Banks. "We must resist economic temptation. The real problem is the rape of mother earth."



AIM religious leader Leonard Crow Dog following his recent release from prison.

Thus AIM will probably move more and more away from confrontational politics and tone down its more militant rhetoric, emphasizing instead its adherence to traditional Indian spiritual values. Its activities will concentrate more on local projects such as its survival schools, food and cattle ranching cooperatives, and supporting traditional tribal leadership on the reservations.

Says Dennis Banks: "If there was to be a doctrine, it would be based on spiritual values. AIM has a kind of spiritual direction that this country needs. I don't see AIM perishing. You can't bury a spiritual movement."



SCENEDROME TIP SHEET

Scenedrome deadline: 4:44 p.m. Mondays

FRIDAY



Farmworkers Benefit

Moon in Virgo

Delta X Cubed, the infinite African-American musical experience, at Pangaea, 517 Cortland St., 8:30 p.m., \$1.50 donation. 824-6131.

Treasures From the Past: Program 5 -- **Howard's Hawks' The Criminal Code** (1931), with **Walter Huston**, **Phillips Holmes**, **Constance Cummings**, **Boris Karloff**. Plus **The Cuckoo Murder Case**, a "Flip the Frog" cartoon by **Ub Iwerks**. Pacific Film Archive, 2621 Durant Ave., 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. 642-1412.

Present Coompany presents **Comedy With Teeth**, comedy cabaret featuring **The Catland Band**. Dreamland Ballroom, 2676 California St. at Scott, S.F., 8:30 p.m., \$3. Also Saturday and Sunday. 431-0915, 863-1882.

Works by **Robert Kurka**, performed by the **San Francisco Trio**, **David Kadarau** violin, **Roy Malan**, cello and **Marilyn Thompson** piano. 1750 Arch St., 8:30 p.m., \$3, \$2.50 students, \$2 seniors. 841-0232.

The cheapest you can hear the visiting **Sierra Leone Cultural Troupe**, "Muyei," in concert of traditional African and contemporary black music. La Pena, 3105 Shattuck Ave., 9 p.m., \$2.50. 849-2568.

The new **Wattis Hall of Man** in the California Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park, S.F., opens today. An anthropological museum, it features, through Thursday, programs of **Colonial American folk arts** such as quilting and instrument making and playing. Open 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. daily. 752-8268.

A benefit **Bar-B-Q and Art Show** will raise funds for sculptor "Papa" **Joe Taylor**, a former San Quentin inmate whose African style redwood and cedar sculptures were stolen. The Reality Rap Restaurant, 315 Divisadero, S.F., 11 a.m. - 11 p.m. 863-7043.

Oakland's major contribution to the soul scene in recent years, **The Natural Four**, returns home to Ed Howard's Place, 3614 Foothill Blvd., E. Oakland, 9 and 11 p.m. Also Saturday. 893-5025, 533-5000.

Through Sunday, the last three days of music, dance and food at the **Filipino Town Fiesta**. St. Joseph's Hall Church, 10th and Howard Sts., S.F.

The **Cultural Role of Music: the folk music of North America and the Middle East**, performed and explained by ethnomusicologist **Joseph Holman**. The Network Coffeehouse, 1036 Bush St., S.F., 8 p.m., \$1. 776-2722.

A **Farmworkers' benefit** at the Ashkenaz Folk Dance Co-Op, 1317 San Pablo Ave. Dinner 6 p.m.; the **Okemah Corral** 7:30 p.m. and rock dance with the **Steve Somers Band** and others, 10 p.m. Dinner, performance and dance, \$3; no dinner \$2.

Trance and Dance in Bali and Sacred Trances in Bali. The Laughing Man Film Series, The Laughing Man Institute, 1443 Polk St., S.F. Through Monday, 7 and 9:30 p.m., \$1.

World premiere of **Angel City**, written and directed by **Sam Shepard**. Magic Theatre, 1618 California St., S.F., 7:30 p.m., Fridays - Sundays through Sept. 5, \$4.50, \$3.50 students. 441-8001.

SATURDAY



Big Mama Thornton

Moon Enters Libra 11:35 a.m.

Second night for arch blues at the Longbranch, 2504 San Pablo Ave. "Big Mama" **Thornton**, **Mark Naftalin**, **Luther Tucker**, **Roger "Jellyroll" Troy** and **Tom Dondelinger**.

More blues and rock at the **Zodiac Club**, 2403 Grove St., Oakland, with **Harmonica Hamm**, 10 p.m. - 2 a.m. No cover.

The **California Artists Concerts** series at the **Oakland Museum**, 10th and Oak Sts., presents a unique festival highlighting California's ethnic heritage, **Music From The People**, from noon to 4 p.m. Appearing in gallery and garden areas will be the **African Music and Dance Ensemble**, **Taiko Dojo** ceremonial Japanese **Drim Troupe**, **Harold Cedartree** and **Native American dancers Flying Eagle**, **Swift Arrow** and **Little Bear**, country fiddler **Linda Keen**, the **Mariachi Continental**, the **Prince Charles Junior Bagpipe Band**, and the **Senior Choir of the Church of the Living God** gospel and spiritual singers. Free.

The **Church of Cosmic Science** presents a **New Age Celebration** of arts, crafts, sciences, natural food, **Allen Michael**, **Quazar**, etc., at **Shorebird Park**, Berkeley Marina, noon to 8 p.m. Also Sunday. Free admission.

Opening day for the **San Francisco Mime Troupe's** 14th season. A new full-length musical play, **False Promises/Nos Enganaron**, dealing with the Spanish-American War. In **Golden Gate Park**, behind **De Young Museum**, 2 p.m. Also Monday. 285-1717 for later appearances.

The 2nd annual **Marin City Community Festival** at the **Manzanita Center**, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Music, dancing, games, arts and crafts booths, races, community info, films. **Bobby Hutcherson Jazz Quartet**, the **Jules Broussard Group**, the **L. C. "Good Rockin'" Robinson Blues Band**, and a **Marin City gospel choir**. 332-6745.

The **Midnight Movies**, at the **Presidio**, 2340 Chestnut St., S.F., presents **The Cannabiz Comedy Capers** featuring eight films: **Tom Rettig's Marijuana Lecture**, **Howard Lester's Airplane Glue**, **I Love You**, **Gilbert Shelton and Ben Van Meter's Set Your Chickens Free**, **Glenn Silber's Grow Your Own**, **Jon Wokuluk's Hanoi Gold**, **David Harrison III's Blues In A Cookie Jar**, **Tod Browning's Mystery of the Leaping Fish**, and **Max Fleischer's Crazy Town with Betty Boop**. \$1.75. 921-2931.

SUNDAY



Although **FBI Director Clarence Kelley** and **Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo** insist that radical groups are planning to celebrate the 4th by blowing up **Mount Rushmore** and turning the **Washington Monument** into a **Roman Candle**, it's unlikely you'll see such spectacular fireworks here at home.

But **Bay Area political activists** haven't forgotten about the 200 years of repression that made America great. The **July 4th Coalition**, in the same spirit as this billboard on the corner of **Shattuck and 52nd** in Oakland, has organized a demonstration at **Alamo Square** in **San Francisco**, 9:30 Sunday morning, in support of the larger scale happenings on the East coast.

Moon in Libra

Make it through the day.

Glide Memorial United Methodist Church will celebrate the **New Frontier** as seen and interpreted by the culture and art of multi-ethnic expressions. From 9 a.m. until 2 p.m., photographs, silkscreens and paintings will be on display. The **Glide Celebrations** begin at 8:30 and 10:30 a.m. (two celebrations) with a film on the liberation struggle of **Mozambique**, **Rev. Cecil Williams** speaking on "The Revolution Born from Corruption," a multi-media presentation about various struggles in America, and music by the **Change Band** and **Glide Ensemble**. Ethnic foods through the day. 771-6300.

Unity in Struggle. March and Rally for Jobs and a Decent Standard of Living. Full Democracy and Equality, A Bicentennial

without **Colonies**, and **Freedom** for all **Oppressed Nations**. Assemble at **Garfield Park**, 25th and Harrison Sts., S.F., rally at **Dolores Park** 11 a.m., Mime troupe 4 p.m., dance 9 p.m. 648-3011.

July 4th Coalition Cultural Presentation with speakers and lots of music. Special dinner \$2.75. **La Pena**, 3105 Shattuck Ave., 6 p.m. on. 849-2568.

FPFA, 94.1 FM, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Live broadcasts from **Philadelphia** (the "official" ceremony with **Ford** and **Queen Bess**, and **AIM's Vernon Bellecourt's** keynote speech for the **July 4th Coalition**, 1 p.m.), **Washington, D.C.**, and **San Francisco** (complete live coverage of the **Mission March and Rally**).

One Hell Of A Salute! Intersection, 756 Union St., S.F., 7:30 p.m. **Zany Newsreels**, 8 p.m. **Cartoon Concert**, 9 p.m. Live celebration with **Bill Wolf (M.C.)** and surprise guests, 10 p.m. 25 fabulous shorts, 11:30 p.m. **Douglas Fairbanks** in the original **Mark of Zorro**. \$2 or \$1 after live show. 397-6061.

Jazz greats **Roland Hanna**, piano, and **George Mraz**, bass, at the **Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society**, the **Peter Douglas Beach House**, Half Moon Bay, 4:30 p.m., \$3. Buffet dinner from 4 p.m. on. Family

MONDAY

Moon Enters Scorpio 2:34 p.m.

Blue Monday party at the **Green Earth Cafe**, 1810 Market St., S.F. **Boogie Jake** and **J.C. Burris**. 9 p.m. 647-9591

Tantra of Gyuto (Sacred Rituals of Tibet), a feature documentary on Tibetan Buddhism, with footage from the 20s and 30s. Also **Impowerment**, a short about **Gyalwa Karmapa**. **Shady Grove**, 1538 Haight St., S.F. 9 p.m., \$1.50.

Free workshops in acting and mime by the **Theatre of Man** school this week. 1350 Waller St., S.F. Info 285-3719.

Afternoon films at the **Lawrence Hall of Science**. Through Saturday. 11 a.m., 1 and 3 p.m., **The Archaeology of The Cinema**, **The Operator Cranked and The Picture Moved**, and **An Edison Album**. Fantasy Films at 2 p.m., **The Adventurer (Chaplin)**, **Popeye Meets Ali Baba**, and **Dick Tracy vs. Crime, Inc.** -- Chapter 3. \$1. Students and seniors 75¢, children 12 and under 50¢, U.C. students and members free. 642-5132.

11, "Women Viewing Women." Through Saturday, noon-4 p.m. \$1 jury fee. 841-7590, 848-5953.

"**Kelsey St. Press**" -- Four women writers present their poems and one humorous short story, "The Butcher's Lament." With **Patricia Dienstfrey**, **Re-na Rosenwasser**, **Kit Duane**, and **Marina La Palma**. Of Many Things series. **KQED**. Channel 9, 6:30 p.m.

Peter Davis' Hearts and Minds. **Wheeler Auditorium**, 7 and 9:30 p.m. \$1.50. 642-0213.

Open Lesbian Rap. Every Tuesday, 7:30 p.m. **Berkeley Women's Center**, 2112 Channing Way. 548-4343.

First Conference of Bay Area Critics and Theater Artists. **KPFA**, 94.1 FM, 8:30 p.m. Rebroadcast 7/8 at 1:15 p.m.

Walter Gutman's Benedict Arnold, plus a short **Paul Revere**, 7:30, and **New Trends in Animation: An International Selection**, 9:30. **Pacific Film Archive**, 2625 Durant. 642-1412.

John Handy, with a hit single, renews his trust with **Ali Akbar Khan**, on sarod, and **Zakir Hussain**, tabla. **Keystone Korner**, 750 Vallejo, S.F. Through Sunday. 781-0697.

WEDNESDAY

Moon Enters Sagittarius 5:05 p.m.

Secrets of Music Revealed. The subtle, though immutable laws which transform the gross material cacophony into the Harmony of the Spheres. **David Julian Gray**. Five week course. \$25. 655-6117, 845-9011.

Structure and Method Workshops for Improvisational Performers. Find your personal style of expression and combine it with others in an original performance. Six weeks, \$15. **Pangaea Center** for the Arts, 517 Cortland Ave., S.F. 7-10 p.m. Ed Deske. 826-5792.

Last Free Ride, a film about **Sausalito's** houseboat community. A premiere in the **People Change the World** film series. **Roxie Cinema**, 16th & Valencia, S.F., 7:30 & 10 p.m. \$2 donation. 621-2713.

Mike Morris and Divine Wind, including **Mark Levine**, piano, and **Pete Escovido**, Latin percussionist. The **Exploratorium**, 3601 Lyon St., S.F. 8-9 p.m. 25¢.

"**La Gente de California**," a photographic history of the Spanish-speaking people of California. **Galeria de La Raza**, 2851 - 24th St., S.F. Through August 7. Free. Wed-Sun, noon-5 p.m. 826-8009.

West Coast premiere engagement of **Rainer Werner Fassbinder's Fox and His Friends**. **Lumiere Theatre**, 1572 California St., S.F. 885-3200.

Theatre of Man presents "I" by the internationally known **Belgian Theatre Vical**. Through Saturday at 8:30 p.m., 1350 Waller St., S.F. \$3 Wed.-Thurs., \$4 Fri.-Sat. \$1 discounts to students and unemployed. 285-3719.

Alumni Dance Theatre, to aid the financially ailing **Performing Arts Dept.** of **Berkeley High**, at 8 p.m. in the **Little Theatre**, Allston Way and Grove. \$2.50, \$2 students. Also Thursday and Friday, and 14th through 17th. 841-7759.

THURSDAY

Moon in Sagittarius

Insight Exchange presents an eight week film-discussion series at **La Pena**, 3105 Shattuck. Beginning with the **East Bay** premiere of **Avenue of the Americas** and **Continuous Woman** and several other shorter features. 7:30 and 9:30. \$2; discount tickets \$6 for any four programs. 621-2713.

Zen monk and poet **Philip Whalen** in **Richardson Hall** of the **UC Extension Center**, **Laguna** and **Haight**, S.F. 7-9 p.m. \$4.50. 861-6833.

Films by **Lenny Lipton**. Six shorts plus **Far Out**, **Star Route**. **Canyon Cinematheque** in the **S.F. Art Institute**, 800 Chestnut St. 8:30 \$1.75. Free coffee. 332-1514.

Sailing on the Highway. A discussion of the development of a commercially viable wind-powered electric vehicle by designer **Mark Goldus**. **Lawrence Hall of Science**. 7:30. \$1. Students and Seniors 75¢, Children 12-6 50¢, Children 6-3 25¢, U.C. Students and Lawrence Hall members free. 642-5132.

The USA In Progress: Three films, **American Time Capsule**, **Storm of Strangers** and **The Sixties**. The **Network Coffeehouse**, 1036 Bush St., S.F. 8 p.m. Free. 776-2722.

KPFA, 94.1 FM. Morning Concert: **USA Composers**. **Charles Amirkhanian** celebrates his 7th anniversary at **KPFA** and the 76th anniversary of the birth of **American Composer George Antheil**, whose music saw a minor revival at the 1976 **Holland Festival** this spring. 9 a.m.

An 8x24 foot mural by **Dewey Crumpler** and seven other murals open the exhibition "People's Murals/ Some Events in American History" at the **S.F. Museum of Art**, **Van Ness Ave.** at **McAllister St.** Free.

Anatomy for the Dancer. **Raoul Gelabert**. Through Friday. **Women's P.E. Dept.**, S.F. State U, 1600 Holloway Ave., S.F. 469-1258.

Bicentennial Bingo or Don't Bogart That Flag, My Friends. Songs from **Aron Sebastian**. The **Network Coffeehouse**, 1036 Bush St., S.F. 8 p.m. Free 776-2722.

The recorded history of **Little Walter**. Hosted by **Tom Mazzolini**. **KPFA**, 94.1. 3-5 p.m.

Poetry at La Salamandra, 2516 Telegraph, near **Dwight**. **Jerry Ratch**, **Leslie Scalapino**, **David Bullen**, **Don Cushman**. 8 p.m.

TUESDAY

Moon in Scorpio

The First Majority, a woman's alternative art gallery, 2438 Durant, begins accepting work for the show opening Sept.

CRIMESTARTERS' NOTEBOOK

THREE YEARS AGO AT A STRANGE PARTY I MET A BUG SCIENTIST..

WHAT?

BUGS!! I STUDY BUGS!! BUGS!!

I WAS FASCINATED.. HE BRED BUGS.. A BUG BREEDER.. THE IDEA BEING TO BREED WEAKNESSES INTO CERTAIN BUGS TO LOWER OR CONTROL THEIR POPULATION.. THIS HELPS PROTECT CERTAIN CROPS..

OR DESTROY CERTAIN CROPS.. WHATEVER IS GOOD FOR THE GOVERNMENT..

"CAN YOU MAKE A BUG STRONGER?" I ASKED..

"VERY QUICKLY," HE SAID.. "BUGS ARE CO-OPERATIVE.. THEY LOVE GETTING STRONGER.."

..CAN YOU CREATE FOR ME A SUPERCAB LOUSE?

WHY.. YES!! EASILY.. WHAT FOR?

I EXPLAINED HOW BITTER I USUALLY FELT ABOUT PAYING TAXES AND SEEING NOTHING CREATED WITH THIS (MY) MONEY BUT MORE TAXES.. AND HOW I WOULD LIKE TO SEND CONGRESS A HUGE CASE OF CRABS.. JUST TO MAKE THEM SCRATCH..

THE SECRETARY OPENS THE ENVELOPE

CHOMP!

THE NITS WOULD HAVE TO LIVE IN THE ENVELOPE THREE WEEKS..

..HE SAID HE WOULD DO IT..

..AND HE DID.. OVER TWO YEARS AGO.. MAILED AN ENVELOPE OF CRABS TO EVERY CONGRESSMAN (OR WOMAN OR CONGRESSMAN) WHICH LEAPED ON EVERY SECRETARY.. WHICH JUMPED TO A CONGRESSMAN.. WHICH HE HAD TO EXPLAIN TO HIS WIFE..

~MORAL~

I SCRATCH FOR A LIVING.. SO CAN MY FEARLESS LEADERS..

IT'S ONLY FAIR..

Sol Tours Purgatory

In certain sectors, the minions of both Salvation and Temptation relax in each other's company.

JUSTIN GREEN

TUT, TUT, SNAKE!! AWAY FROM MY LIVERWURST SANDWICH!

YOU GOTTA BE PUTTIN' ME ON! FENDIN' OFF A DEVIL-SNAKE WIT' A BUTTER KNIFE!

SSHAI!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT DAT YOLISE GUYS WAS S'POSE T' SLICE THEM SLIMY REPTILES WIT' SPECIAL GLEAMIN' SILVER SWORDS!

THAT WAS IN THE EARLY DAYS... WE'VE COME TO A CERTAIN UNDERSTANDING FOR THIS ERA!

"UNNERSTANDIN' MY SOCKS! YOU TWO IS AS COZY AS A CHICAGO COP AN' A MAFIA-TYPE HOOD!!

YOU TOURISTS ARE TOO QUICK TO JUDGE... BY KEEPING MY SERPENT ADVERSARY IN TABLE SCRAPS AND BY ALLOWING HIM TO SNOOZE IN THE SPA, I HAVE HIS FIRM GUARANTEE THAT HE'LL STAY OUT OF THE PRECINCT I WAS ASSIGNED TO GUARD.

REFORMED MASTURBATERS 3rd Century, Roman

JAKE

THE CHECKERED DEMON

© S. CLAY WILSON 5/76

HMMMM..THOSE CAMEL JOCKEYS ARE HEADIN' THIS WAY.. ARMED AND DANGEROUS TOO.. BEST I SPLIT THE SHIT OUTTA HERE...

FLIP THAT LASSO ON HIM, ABDAR...

TIME TO BOLT!

...TAG!!

BOING!

SCREEEECH!

TO BE CONTINUED....

E.Z. WOLF'S ASTRAL OUTHOUSE

By Ted Richards ©1976

E.Z. WOLF HAS BRAVELY DEFENDED HOWARD HOGGIES FROM ATTACK BY THE GERMS

WHEW! I DON'T THINK THEM GERMS WILL BE BACK AFTER TASTING THIS PSYCHIC FLYSWATTER!

YES, A SPLENDID PERFORMANCE! COULD I HAVE YOUR NAME PLEASE?

NOYAMMA MAMMA HOMMA

NOKKA NOKKA NAGGA

HOMMA HOMMA NAMA

E.Z. WOLF.

AH YES.. AND TO E.Z. WOLF I LEAVE MY PSYCHIC FLYSWATTER AND ONE SIXTEENTH OF MY ENTIRE FORTUNE.

THERE! SEND THIS ONE TO THE BAPTIST CHURCH!!

?

WHITE HOUSE

CONGRESS

NEW YORK

REV. MOON